

## Dance

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On the flat surface of their world  
Numbers weave a web of motion and change  
Curved backs and spiky arms undulate  
Playing their parts in the dance  
These ritualistic gymnastics wax and wane  
At times I almost grasp their purpose  
Then they sense a calling  
And I am lost in the frenzy  
They stand apart and still for a moment  
In this frozen state they are almost—concrete  
Then one stands on another's shoulders  
While another pair does flips across the equal sign  
Without warning a fusion occurs  
And two are one larger  
Separate identities are sacrifices  
And new ones are born  
This mingling of entities is too intimate  
The dance is like unto a public reproductive act  
Each entity eagerly seeking  
For another with which to interact  
This world is not for me  
Even to observe